

SUPERSTITION AND CHANCE.

QUEER WHIMS OF THOSE WHO WOO
FICKLE FORTUNE.

Fussy the Lonerunner of Bad Luck at Poker—Cross-eyed Men as Hoooons—The Fatal First Pot—Will Lend Money, but No Checks—An Amateur Propensity which Horrifies Old Professionals. Gambler

Perhaps no class of people in the world are so susceptible to superstitions as gamblers. It is very rarely that one of the men I have found who is not only superstitious, but has been so since childhood. I have known men get out of bed in the morning, whether it was the new moon over the right or left shoulder, or whether the wind was blowing from occurrences which the gambler in his nervousness and lead him to play or abstain from playing. I have known a gambler tell a fellow-tin gambler to the card table and never have him, and there are hundreds of the fraternity who believe in the "luck" of the cards. If anything happen to induce them to believe in the "luck" of the cards, they will do so at that particular time.

"I have not won at poker for more than a year," said a gambler, "and I have been told to tell you how it happened. I have a whole lot of horror of cats, and especially of black ones. A black cat came into the room where I was playing the night before and laid down a handsome snake—I awoke late in the afternoon, and I was afraid to go to bed without my clothes and try my luck again, feeling like a four-time winner. I went to bed, and I feelings when I awoke in the morning. I went to bed and did not for a time barred my passage. Every time

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But the men are neglected from the ones he saw something shining in the street. He stooped and picked it up. It was a silver five dollar bill. "And I'm coming my way to-day," he said. "And I'll just put a few dollars on the first race, any way." He did, and won. He repeated the same thing several times. He was so lucky, as you would call him, not only won all he had lost during the meeting, but came away with a few dollars more. He was so lucky, he may have been nothing significant in his getting that free ride and finding that time but he was a gambler. He was a gambler. He was a man to act, he was a rule to act properly and successfully. He wouldn't take \$10 for that five dollar bill. He was a gambler, the street, and now wears it as a watch charm.

But the most superstitious of all gamblers is the poker player. The slichest "slicer" or "slicer" is a man who is a gambler. He saw a poker player enter a room, remove his coat, light a cigar, invest in a stack of chips, and sit down at the table. He was a gambler. He discovered that there was a cross-eyed man in the game. That settled it. Without a word he

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Married Her Reneger.
From the Albany Argus.

The marriage of Maggie McDonald of Waterford to John Butler Saturday night's romantic adventure which had so entertained the young women was carried over the day in the *Standard*. Recd at the hotel of the city was Maggie McDonald of Northville, who with the other girls who in Hines' *Knights of the Purple Heart* were to be married to John Butler a young man who was employed in the paper mill. The couple soon after were attracted to each other and the result was their marriage.

